

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 50—No. 49.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1872.

PRICES { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY, SATURDAY, Dec. 7, at Three.—TENTH SATURDAY CONCERT AND AFTERNOON PROMENADE. Symphony in E flat (1773), first time of performance in England (Mozart); Violin Concerto, as arranged by the composer, for the piano (first time of performance in England) (Beethoven); Overture, "She Stoops to Conquer" (first time) (Macfarren); and "Oberon" (Eber). Madame Sinico and Signor Gustave Garcia. Solo Pianoforte—Miss Agnes Zimmermann. Full orchestra. Conductor—Mr. MANNS. Reserved Numbered Stalls, Half-a-crown. Admission to the Palace, Half-a-crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—NATIONAL MUSIC MEETINGS, 1873.—THE REGULATIONS AND LISTS of MUSIC to be prepared for competition at the Second Annual Series of National Music Meetings are NOW READY, and can be had on application to Mr. Wilbert Beale, at the Crystal Palace.

MONTHLY POPULAR CONCERTS, BRIXTON.—Director—Mr. RIDLEY PRENTICE.—FOURTH SEASON.—THIRD CONCERT, next TUESDAY Evening, Dec. 10th. Messrs. Henry Holmes, Pezze, Ridley Prentice, Minson, Miss Horne, Miss Beryl. Trio (G), Ruff; Trio (C minor), Mendelssohn; Sonata, Paradies; Valse, Chopin; Songs without words, Mendelssohn; Violin Solo, Tartini, &c. Tickets, 5s., 2s. 6d., and 1s., of Mr. Ridley Prentice, 30a, Wimpole Street, W.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—Conductor, Sir Michael Costa.—FRIDAY NEXT, Dec. 13, Mendelssohn's ST. PAUL. Principal vocalists: Madame Florence Lancia, Miss Enriquez; Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Maybrick, and Mr. Santley.—Stalls, 10s. 6d.; reserved area seats, numbered in rows, 5s.; unreserved, 3s.; subscription for the season, £3 3s., £2 2s., and £1 1s. Subscribers now entering entitled to an extra ticket for "St. Paul." The usual annual Christmas Performances of "The Messiah," on Fridays, Dec. 20 and 27.

BRITISH ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—Conductor, Mr. George Mount.—SECOND CONCERT, THURSDAY, December 19th, St. James's Hall, 8 o'clock. Prelude, Lohengrin, Wagner; Italian Symphony, Mendelssohn; Concerto Violoncello, Golttermann; Mr. Ed. Howell: Overture Leonora, No. 3, Beethoven and Overture di ballo, Sullivan. Vocalists: Miss Blanche Cole and Mr. W. H. Cummings.—Stalls, 10s. 6d.; reserved and numbered seats, 5s.; tickets, 2s. and 1s.—Cramer, 201, Regent Street; L. Cook, 63, New Bond Street; Chappell, 50, New Bond Street; Mitchell's, 33, and R. Ollivier, 38, Old Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, 48, Cheapside; Hays, Royal Exchange; and Austin's, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly.

MR. CARRODUS'S QUARTETTE PARTY, consisting of J. T. Carrodus, Gilbert H. Betjeman, A. Barnett, and E. Howell, will perform in Glasgow, December, 7th; Dumbarton, 9th; Paisley, 13th; Glasgow, 14th; Newcastle-on-Tyne, 16th. Communications to be addressed Mr. Carrodus, 47, St. Paul's Road, Camden Square, London, N.W.

"MITHER, BLAME ME NOT FOR LOVING," Composed by T. RIDLEY PRENTICE, will be sung by MISS ELLEN HORNE, at the Monthly Popular Concert, on Tuesday next.

"THE MESSAGE."

MR. VERNON RIGBY will sing BLUMENTHAL'S song, "THE MESSAGE," at Warrington, December 9th; Brighton, 10th; and Holloway, 13th.

"THE KING OF MY HEART IS COMING." The popular new song (for contralto or mezzo-soprano voice), by MILES BENNETT, sent post free for 18 stamps.—"The King of my Heart" really deserves its popularity.—Bradford Evening Mail. "An exquisitely beautiful and finished composition."—Review. Cramer & Co., 201, Regent Street, W.

MR. SANTLEY'S CONCERT TOUR.—Monday, December 9th, Birkenhead; Tuesday, 10th, Banbury; Wednesday, 11th, Salisbury; Thursday, 12th, Winchester; Friday, 13th, Sacred Harmonic Society, Exeter Hall. All applications to be made to Mr. George Dolby, 52, New Bond Street.

MISS ELIZA HEYWOOD (Contralto) will sing in the "MESSIAH," at Birkenhead, on the 18th Dec.—1, Blenheim Terrace, Streetford Road, Old Trafford, Manchester.

MR. MAYBRICK.

MR. MAYBRICK will be at liberty to accept ENGAGEMENTS after Dec. 14th. Address, 38, Langham Street, Portland Place; W., or to Mr. George Dolby, 52, New Bond Street, W.

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The next PUBLIC REHEARSAL, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place at the Institution, on TUESDAY MORNING NEXT, the 10th inst., commencing at 2 o'clock.

WESTMORLAND SCHOLARSHIP.

A Scholarship for Vocalists, called the Westmorland Scholarship (in memory of the Earl of Westmorland, the founder of the Royal Academy of Music), has been established by subscription, and will be contended for annually in December.

It is open for public competition to female candidates between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four years, and is not confined to pupils of the Academy.

The amount of the Scholarship is £10, which will be appropriated towards the cost of a year's instruction in the Academy.

The Examination will take place in the Academy, on Monday, the 23rd of Dec. next, at ten o'clock.

The certificate of birth must be forwarded previous to the candidate being allowed to compete for the scholarship.

No applications can be received after December the 21st.

POTTER EXHIBITION.

The Examination for the Potter Exhibition for Female Students of the Royal Academy of Music, of two or more years' standing, will take place on Monday, the 23rd of December, at 12 o'clock.

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"LA BACCANTE."

MADAME SINICO will sing Signor **FIORI's** Canzone, "LA BACCANTE," at the Crystal Palace, THIS DAY, 7th Dec.; War-
rington, 9th, Manchester, 21st.

MADAME SINICO will sing in "JUDAS MACCA-
BEUS," at Exeter Hall, in "THE MESSIAH," on the 29th December; on
the 23rd December, in "THE MESSIAH," at Bradford; and on the 25th December,
in "THE MESSIAH," at Manchester.

MISS ROSA BINFIELD, Pupil of the late Signor
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BRIGHTON CONCERT AGENTS,

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EVENINGS AT THE THEATRE IN ITALY.

(Concluded from page 763.)

In Bologna, people still speak with pride of the highly praiseworthy performance of *Lohengrin*, last winter, and, also, of the preparations for *Tannhäuser*, this season. If the enthusiasm of the Italians for *Lohengrin* was genuine, there can be no doubt as to the still greater success of *Tannhäuser*. In the hairdressers' shops, you see exposed for sale "Lohengrin Soap," and "Lohengrin Kalydor," while preparations are already commenced for the manufacture of "Tannhäuser cordials," and "Tannhäuser Sausages." I arrived unfortunately too late to hear, at the second largest theatre in Bologna, *Così fan Tutte*, "a most celebrated opera, quite new in Bologna, by the Maestro Mozart." Like the introduction of German operas by C. M. Weber and R. Wagner into the Italian repertory, so also this revival of old masterpieces is a noticeable sign of the turn taken by musical matters in Italy. In Florence, too, old operas, especially the comic operas of Cimarosa, are played at a small theatre, called the Teatro degli Arricchianti (Theatre of the Riskers, or Darers). This is something quite new, and, up to the present time, has been done only at second-rate theatres. The large Italian theatres, especially the Scala, give scarcely anything but novelties. It is characteristic of the Italians that they feel no want—like the French—of seeing the old classical repertory regularly performed. The advance towards German operatic music, and the revival of old classical works, are, it is true, at present, only isolated indications, but, taken in connection with other signs, they may be looked upon as signalling a change of taste. One of these signs is undoubtedly the increasing proficiency in orchestral playing. A short time since, I heard, at a theatre of inferior rank, the Teatro delle Loggie, at Florence, Flotow's last opera, *L'Ombra*, a shadow which has, also, several times flitted across our Wiedener Theater in Vienna. A remarkable thing for me was the correct, nay, delicate performance of the orchestra, which accomplished, in a highly satisfactory manner, the by no means easy task of rendering the very refined and delicate score. Fifteen or twenty years ago, such an orchestral performance would have been entirely out of the question in a small Italian Theatre. One fact more. When I heard some operatic performances, fifteen years since, at Milan and Venice, the barbarous practice of the conductor's marking the time aloud by striking his music-stand with his conducting stick, was at its zenith, being at most theatres facilitated by a brass plate let into the music-stand on purpose. I was filled with sorrowful amazement to find that, in this particular, Italy had made no progress since Goethe wrote the following remarkable words on a musical entertainment in Venice (1786): "I should have enjoyed it very much, had not the confounded conductor marked the time with a roll of music against the railing, and in as barefaced a manner as though he had to do with a lot of urchins at school, whom he was instructing; his tapping was quite unnecessary, and spoilt every impression, just as any one would, who, to render a beautiful statue comprehensible for us, were to stick scarlet rags round the joints. The foreign sound destroys all the harmony. The man is a musician, yet he does not hear this, or rather he chooses that attention shall be directed by an impropriety to his presence, while he would do better to allow his value to be estimated by the perfection of the performance. The public appear used to the practice. It is not the only instance of people's fancying that something tends to enjoyment which destroys enjoyment." Well, this time I did not meet with this objectionable practice, either during the performance of *Der Freischütz*, at the Scala, nor at Florence, with Flotow's *Shadow*, nor even with Verdi's *Macbeth*, at the Teatro Pagliano. This, as most persons are aware, is the second theatre as regards size in Florence, the first, the Pergola, being at present closed. The Teatro Pagliano certainly goes to the extreme limit in the simplicity of its decorations; the entire front of the house inside is painted white; not a gold border, not a coloured arabesque is to be seen on the boxes or galleries. The singers on the stage endeavour, by glaring tints, to make the audience forget this sober uniformity of colour. That the beautiful art of singing has already considerably sunk,

and is still sinking, in Italy, is something that I did not require to visit the Teatro Pagliano to learn. But the Macbeth couple gave me fresh confirmation of the fact that coarse crude singing is on the increase, and also of another: that, despite everything, Italy is still the country of favoured voices. Thanks to the voluptuous and silvery tone of her full soprano voice, which streams forth without the slightest effort, Signora Pappini, the representative of Lady Macbeth, reminds one of the Medori in her best days. School and cultivation have done little for such materials, and still less for the singer of Macbeth, Signor Borgioli. Yet—how seldom does such a stately, heroic figure, with so sonorous a voice, grow upon the soil of Germany! All the other performers in *Macbeth* were very unimportant. Happily, no independent ballet was interpolated; *Macbeth* was given "con danza analoga," that is to say: with a dance "appropriate" to the action, a dance which was as inappropriate as possible in conjunction with the fearful spectral apparitions of the play.

I may mention, as a curious fact, that we saw here, at the Teatro Nicolini, Florence, a company of French artists play Offenbach's *Princesse de Trébizonde* in the most wretched manner it is possible to conceive. The women were ugly and stiff; the men, without the slightest pretence to comicality about them. All were without talent or voice. The part of Paola was sustained by a man who spoke in a hoarse bass voice, and endeavoured to produce his comic effects by running down, gnashing his teeth, to the foot-lights, and making faces at the pit. The performance of the French visitors was the more scandalous, because second and third class Italian companies are excellent in comedy. In Florence and Genoa, comedies are now admirably performed in open-day-theatres (such a place is styled a "Politeama") to a smoking and beer-drinking pit. I have enjoyed, in the course of my life, very few opportunities of seeing Italian actors, and I imagined that they would not lay aside in their spoken drama the passionate violence and the pathos of their operatic performances. How astonished I was to find among their actors such moderation in the portrayal of emotion, such sobriety, in their comic impersonations, so much repose and so much dignity! At the newly-erected Politeama, very beautifully situated on the Aqua Sola Promenade, Genoa, they were playing a new piece of modern society: *Cœur di Donna* (*Woman's Heart*), a production distinguished for long, never-ending dialogue, and paucity of plot. It is written by a young local author, named Tito d'Asti, whose personal friends and enemies divided themselves into two opposite camps, and, applauding, cheering, hissing, and whistling, waged a little internecine war. That the hisses gradually grew silent, and ended by not disturbing the applause, was due principally to the good acting. The ladies especially displayed such delicacy and natural truthfulness in their performance; such propriety in their bearing; and, above all, so captivating a vivacity in their bye-play and the expression they conveyed with their eyes, that the spectator would at once have supposed he beheld actresses of high repute before him. Yet the theatre was only an Arena, and the actresses were scarcely better paid than choristers with us. Perfectly the same thing is to be seen at the Arena in Florence, where, also, social pieces of a high stamp are given, a proof how strong dramatic talent is in Italy, and how deeply it is rooted in the people. But, in all these theatres, the music between the acts is something terrible; the instruments are all brass, and the musicians are nothing better than so many musical mechanics. They look with envy on their colleagues of the big drum, for they are the only ones who can play with a cigar in their mouths! The bands, too, of the regular army and of the National Guard, who play on Sundays in the public gardens—in the Cascine, at Florence; on the Aqua Sola at Genoa; and in the Giardino Pubblico, at Milan—are far beneath similar bands at Vienna. They are reed bands, and their members simply work off, on bad instruments, a certain number of polkas and operatic cavatinas.

There is one remark which I cannot conclude without making, though the extremely limited sphere of my Italian experience does not justify me in ascribing to it any general application. At the theatrical performances which I was enabled to attend, I found very little enthusiasm among the public, and I observed that, neither in coffee-houses nor in the public thoroughfares,

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

music and the stage were not discussed with such animation as formerly. Even after subtracting from this comparative want of interest the portion we must attribute to the summer season, there is still a remainder not to be overlooked.

I believe I have found the explanation of this fact in an old book, Stendhal's *Correspondence inédite*. That refined connoisseur, and enthusiastic admirer of Italy, wrote, in September, 1825, that is to say, forty-seven years ago, from Naples, the following prophecy word for word: "Le jour où l'Italie aura les deux chambres, le jour où l'opinion fera son entrée dans le gouvernement, elle ne sera plus exclusivement occupée de musique, de peinture, d'architecture, et ces trois arts tomberont rapidement."

EDUARD HANSLICK.

SPEECH OF BRINLEY RICHARDS AT LONDON WALL.

Mr. Brinley Richards, who then came forward at the invitation of the Chairman, was received with vociferous cheering, again and again renewed. On silence being restored, he proceeded to say:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—The purpose for which we meet this evening is to raise a Prize Fund of £100, in order to encourage the study of choral music among our countrymen. The question, however, is not merely one of music, there are other considerations connected with it, especially the means which music affords of giving an innocent and peaceful recreation during the leisure hours of the working classes. We are also here to assert our 'Nationality,' and our sympathies with a movement in which our countrymen are deeply interested, their love of music—a love which induced one of our old poets to say—'Môr o gân yw Cymru i gyd' ('All Wales is now one sea of song'). The word Nationality has been interpreted in various ways—but our Nationality is one of which we have every reason to feel proud—and its results may be seen in a peaceful and industrious people, a country comparatively free from crime, and a population among whom loyalty to the crown has long since become a proverb. But, oddly enough, although Nationality may be looked upon as a 'virtue' in Scotchmen or Englishmen, the moment it is asserted by Welshmen it is viewed with something very like suspicion, or held up to ridicule. The *Daily News* has alluded to this manner of treating 'Welsh Nationality.' A writer in that journal says:—'Nothing could be more absurd and unreasonable than the impatient clamour with which it was the fashion, a short time ago, to overwhelm every effort at the preservation of distinct national characteristics.' He adds:—'Perhaps Mr. Osborne Morgan is rather enthusiastic when he believes that one Eisteddfod is worth twenty penal enactments, but we hold it to be as demonstrable as any practical proposition whatever, that the taste and temper which find delight in an Eisteddfod, are amongst the soundest preservatives against vice.' Now whatever ideas may be connected with our assertions of 'Nationality,' there is one form of it among our countrymen to which no one can object, and that is the love of music among the population. We must all remember with pleasure the success of the Welsh choirs at the Crystal Palace, the wonderful impression which they made on those vast audiences, and above all upon the London Press. The *Daily News*, referring to that occasion, said:—'It is questionable whether any body of chorists, professional or amateur, would have displayed better qualities, more thorough training, or greater earnestness.' An article in the *Daily Telegraph* contained the following passage:—'It was positively refreshing to mark the earnest enthusiasm of the singers, while the volume of sound produced, the frank attack, and free assured march of the music, were surprising. No wonder that the audience rose at the Welsh choir with unanimous acclaim.' The *Morning Post* is equally complimentary, and describes the singing as 'most remarkable—full, fresh, and sound in quality—all alike astonishing.' But a still greater triumph awaited the South Wales Choirs—they succeeded in doing the most remarkable thing in our history—they have actually 'converted' *The Times*. Now, that paper, so often severe, if not ungenerous, to Wales, no longer hesitates to express itself favourably, but in terms almost of enthusiasm. The South Wales men have, therefore, done more to raise us in the estimation of the English people than anything that has taken place in our generation. *The Times* says:—'The South Wales Choir is one of the freshest, most powerful, and best balanced, musical body of voices to which we can remember at any time to have listened. When it is remembered that this large chorus is almost entirely drawn from the labouring classes of the Principality (miners, colliers, and their wives, daughters, and relatives), we cannot but wonder at the excellence they have attained—an excellence unattainable except through assiduous and continued study,' and the writer concludes by remarking—'That this exhibition of Welsh Choral Singing was decidedly the feature of the National Music Meetings, and alone sufficient to render them memorable.' Higher praise than this is impossible, and makes one feel inclined to propose that our next Prize Fund should be devoted to

a testimonial to the *Times*' Editor. Now, after such praise, we cannot as a nation, afford to sit still, and I am therefore most anxious to see a North Wales Choir at the Crystal Palace next year. The singing of some of the North Wales Choirs during my visit (within the old walls of Harlech Castle) last June, proved to me the immense progress which the North has made; and Mr. Willert Beale—to whom we all owe so much,—has mentioned, in his reply to my letter concerning Welsh choirs, that, judging from what he heard at the Portmadoc Eisteddfod, he still thinks that the North Wales Choirs would be capable of competing under any circumstances. I regret that my proposition to give a prize for choirs consisting of working men, was not accepted by Mr. Grove and Mr. Willert Beale, but I regret still more that my purpose should have been considered by two of the most influential musical journals—that is to say, the *Musical World* and the *Orchestra*—as a means of 'providing a retreat' for my countrymen. Nothing was further from my mind, nor is it likely, considering the very high praise of the London Press, that I should entertain the idea of showing the white feather for one moment. From the very kind way in which my appeal in behalf of the Welsh Prize Fund has been received, I have every reason to look with hope to the realization of my wishes. To Sir Thomas Lloyd, of Bronwydd, my thanks are especially due; for the moment I mentioned the subject of the Prize Fund for the Welsh Choirs, at the Aberystwith University Meeting, he requested me to insert his name as a subscriber for ten guineas; and his example, I am glad to add, was immediately followed by some of our most distinguished Members of Parliament—Sir Watkin Wynn, M.P., Mr. H. Richard, M.P., Mr. O. Morgan, M.P., Evan M. Richards, M.P.—and also by Mr. Hugh Owen and Mr. Stephen Evans. To these two gentlemen, I am very much indebted for the trouble and interest they have so kindly taken in arranging the plans for our Prize Fund. I have also the pleasure to mention the generous donation of ten guineas from our worthy Chairman, Mr. Puleston, who has again proved himself a good friend to Wales. In addition to the names already mentioned, I have the great pleasure to announce, as subscribers, the Marquis of Westminster, Earl Powis, Lady Digby Wyatt, and Mr. Saunders Davies (of Pentre, South Wales), who also sent me a subscription for the Welsh Choir last season. I have also to cordially thank the Proprietor of the *Cambrian* newspaper, Mr. Howel Walter Williams, for generous assistance accorded to the movement. Other names will appear in the list which will be published. I think I have said enough to prove that the Prize Fund is really a National one, to which men of all kinds have generously contributed without respect to any religious or political opinion; and I should like to see the Prize Fund rendered still more National by a subscription among the working population of Wales. If every one gave a subscription, however small (say a shilling each), we should soon be in a position to lessen the heavy expenses which attend the journey of the Welsh Choirs to London, and if this plan can be arranged, I will gladly assist the movement in every way in my humble power. And now, before I conclude an address, already I fear, too long, I wish to mention the way in which we propose to use the Prize Fund, and in so doing, I hope I may dismiss from the minds of some good-natured people, who are more liberal in words than subscriptions, that there is no intention whatever to create unpleasant feelings between North and South Wales. I have suggested—with deference to the committee—if the Challenge Cup Prize be won by the South Wales Choir—and as they will—by the new and generous regulations of the directors of the Crystal Palace—also gain the sum of £100, our Prize Fund should be divided among the North Wales Choirs which compete. If, on the other hand, South Wales should fail to win the Challenge Cup Prize, I suggest that our Prize Fund (£100) should be divided between the North and South Wales Choirs; but if the North Wales Choir do not enter the competition, I must then await the future decision of our committee." Mr. Richards then concluded amidst loud and cordial cheering.

TURIN.—Three members of the band at the Teatro Scribe, namely, two violinists and a harpist, belong to the gentler sex.

LEIPZIG.—The well-known poet, Herr Müller von der Werra, has just celebrated his fiftieth birthday, together with his twenty-fifth anniversary as a song writer, his first song, set by Andreas Zöllner, having been published in the *Illustrirte Zeitung* in 1847. His friends and admirers from far and wide, rivalled each other in their marks of esteem and respect. The authorities of his native place, Ummerstadt, presented him with the Diploma of Honorary Citizenship; the Cologne Male Choral Association forwarded him a Special Diploma of Honorary Membership; while other vocal associations in all parts of Europe, and even in America, did the same, besides forwarding him something more substantial in the shape of a silver inkstand, a gigantic goblet of delicately cut Bohemian glass, an "honorary salary" of one thousand thalers, and so on. Several eminent composers, authors, and artists, including Schiller's daughter, the Baroness von Gleichen-Russwurm, offered him their heartiest congratulations.

RICHARD WAGNER ON ACTORS AND SINGERS.*

CONSIDERED BY DR. EDUARD HANSLICK.

Among Richard Wagner's literary productions those which treat of practical questions, connected with musical or theatrical subjects, have always struck us as the most enjoyable. As an artist possessing an extraordinary knowledge of the stage, as a real genius of stage management, Wagner has, in everyone of his theatrical writings, thrown a new and sometimes a dazzling light upon various blemishes in our operatic system. While there was a broad undercurrent of what was exaggerated, and admissible only from a Wagnerian point of view, there was always a great deal of interesting and instructive matter. We may, for instance, remind our readers of Wagner's Reflections, published in the *Botschafter* of 1863, on the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna. These reflections were characterised by cutting criticism, but they were not unaccompanied by the very desirable legitimization of really practical suggestions of improvement; they commanded the approbation of every serious lover of art, no matter whether of Wagnerian tendencies or not. They were really quite refreshing after his loquacious abstract theoretical disquisitions, the abstruse purport of which could be surpassed only by their monstrosities of style. For some days there has been in circulation a new pamphlet, by Wagner. Its title: *On Actors and Singers*, shows it to be an essay full of promise, and belonging to the first of the two classes of writings we have mentioned. Who would not feel interested at listening to a recital in due order of all the dramatic observations which Wagner has made during his very chequered theatrical career? And, in truth, this new little book is deficient neither in sharp remarks, nor hard truths which evoke from us a quick: "Yes, yes; that is so," or urge us to fruitful reflections as to whether such is the state of the case or not. A more unwelcome trait, however, which characterises all Wagner's more recent works, and grows more decided year by year, predominates, also, in this pamphlet *On Actors and Singers*. We allude to the damning harshness towards the existing state of art-matters, with the inevitable concluding reference to the author himself, as the sole blessed source of all future amelioration. This interchange of insatiable abuse, and insatiable self-glorification renders a steady, dispassionate development of ideas an impossibility. In the midst of some important statement, the author suddenly stops, to pour forth a storm of indignation and ridicule on singers, actors, authors, composers, conductors, and Intendants, so that the reader asks himself in astonishment, what on earth can make Wagner continually busy himself with such creatures. The solution of the riddle appears subsequently in the hint that it is he himself, Wagner the poet, Wagner the composer, Wagner the director, in a word Wagner, Wagner, always Wagner, who, in the midst of all this solidification and corruption, stands forth as a spotless, faultless model. We involuntarily think of the old story of the talkative gentleman who offered himself as guide to some strangers come to pay a visit to a lunatic asylum. He gave them the most piquant explanation of the madness of every patient, and ended by putting down one who fancied himself the Redeemer with the proud assurance:—"I must know all about that better than any one else, as I myself am God the Father."

In the introduction to the new work, Wagner receives his mimes very courteously, like a polite gentleman welcoming his guests at the door of his house. "Our actors, singers and musicians are the persons on whose most innate instincts all hope must repose even for the attainment of ends in art which must be for them at present utterly incomprehensible." Nay, he magnifies the merit of actors to exaggeration, saying: "artistic participation properly so-called in theatrical representations must be conceded to the performers alone, while the author of the piece is in relation with art properly so-called in as far only as he has above all things realized the effect calculated on by him beforehand of the mimic representation for the configuration of his poem. By the fact that they really, despite all the maxims talked into them, restrict themselves solely to what is done by the actors, the public still best give evidence of a truly uncorrupted taste in art." The inevitable result of this would be that a good and a middling work would produce precisely the same effect upon the

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

public, supposing both represented by the same first-rate performers. Wagner justly declares "the most certain theatrical artists in the world" to be the French, but he brings against them a charge that, in their theatres, their whole attention is always devoted to comedy-acting. He asserts that the Germans are guilty of the same fault, and that it may be said: "Here as there, comedy is acted, only the French act well and the Germans act badly." Talent belongs to the German "only in the most scanty degree, nay, almost not at all." In German performances Wagner finds simply "the mania for comedy-acting, in which Shakspeare is sacrificed as well as Scribe, and which resolves itself before our eyes into a ridiculous travesty apparatus. Personal vanity, deficient in every qualification for artistic illusion beyond its own ends, causes, therefore, our mimes to appear in the light of complete stupidity." From one misfortune, however, the German actor is secured. "He can never fall out of his part, for he is never in it." Such is Wagner's opinion of all German histrionic art, just as though he had never seen aught but the vilest specimens. Did he never see the Burgtheater, Vienna? the reader enquires involuntarily. Oh, yes! Wagner once saw Goethe's *Faust* played there (probably with Haizinger, Bogner, with Fichtner and Lewinsky). He says that he left after the first act, advising the director to make at least his actors say everything twice as rapidly as they said it, and to carry out this rule watch in hand: "For thus did it strike me as possible at least to render in some degree unnoticeable the unbounded nonsense into which these people fell in their tragedising." The general view that the strength of these artists lies principally in light pieces, Wagner corrects by the assurance that the German conversational tone is "A galimatia of unnaturalness, clownish affectation, and negro-like coquetry." We see that the master is, thank Heaven, well and hearty.

(To be continued.)

OPERA IN CAIRO.

(Extract from a Letter.)

Cairo itself has no society whatever, and all the life seems to concentrate itself on the theatres. The Viceroy has two—one for French comedy and operetta, and the Operahouse. The Operahouse is not large, but very pretty. The attendance is very bad, and the Viceroy must lose an awful lot of money; but he has got an awful lot, so it does not much matter. The company consist as per prospectus:—Prima donnas and mezzo-sopranos: Parepa, Pozzoni, Destin, Corsi, Cucchi; Baritones: Steller and Cottone; tenors: Corsi, Carpi, and Piazza; basses: Medini and Lari. There is no contralto in the company, and they are, in consequence, in a bad fix to make the *répertoire*. The man at the head of the establishment knows no more about music and conducting a theatre, than you about rope dancing. The ballet is very good indeed, and all the attention is paid to it.

Madame Parepa made her debut in the *Puritani*, then appeared in *Norma*, and is now rehearsing *Les Huguenots*. She has had a splendid success, which is the more genuine, as there exists a perfect hatred among the Italian opera *habitués* here against any singer engaged who is not an Italian. Madame Parepa has had to depend, in consequence, on her talent alone, which, however, has proved to be sufficient.

The Grand Duke of Russia has been here, and they produced *Aida* for him. The next night he came to hear *Norma*. The *mise-en-scène* of *Aida* is fine only as far as richness of costumes is concerned. But it is injudiciously put on the stage. Harris would have made double the effect with a quarter of the money. But they have no stage manager here. I don't like the music much. There is none of Verdi's old power of popular melody in it. He has either written himself out, or forced to write, out of his style—wanting to imitate Gounod, and Wagner sometimes. Some of the ballet music is rather characteristic, but not original, and some of the things are awfully commonplace.

INNSBRUCK.—The Musical Union have commenced their annual series of concerts. At the last concert, Madame Sophie Förster, from the Royal Operahouse, Munich, sang an air from *Don Juan*, the "Erikönig," an air from *The Creation*, and Songs by Brahms and Schumann. Mendelssohn's overture to *Ruy Blas* was the principal orchestral work, and concluded the programme.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The Sacred Harmonic Society should be congratulated upon the manner in which its forty-first season began last Friday fortnight. Improvement of various kinds was obvious; and, taking the fact in connection with the prospectus, it is clear enough that our greatest musical association has made up its mind to do better in the future than in the immediate past. We might rail at the Society for its late languor, or, if the term suits better, for its intense conservatism; and we might remind the directors, with a lofty "I told you so" air, of the warnings which have from time to time been addressed to them. But a wiser, because less irritating, course is frankly to applaud the efforts now made, without reference to a previous state of things, and to second those efforts as far as in us lies. The improved chorus which took part in *Judas Maccabæus* has supplied a theme for general remark. So much energy, dash, and power have not contributed to the success of a Sacred Harmonic Concert for many years past; and the change is wholly due to a thorough overhauling of the singers with a view to getting rid of voices which had become worn and feeble. That there were many such in the chorus was painfully obvious; and no remark more often assailed the ears of those who have the Society's well-doing at heart than that a searching investigation should be made. It is, of course, easy to understand the tenderness and forbearance shown to old members who had spent their strength in the Society's service, and to whom the severance of familiar associations, and the loss of a cherished position would naturally be painful. But, in all such cases, efficiency is the first thing to be considered, and everything standing in its way must be removed, no matter at what cost. There are situations wherein sentiment is a luxury not to be indulged till things necessary have been provided. When, as at Exeter Hall, the necessity and the luxury cannot co-exist, it is plain which must go to the wall. That the Society now possesses a chorus quite worthy of its reputation was clear on Friday fortnight, and will become yet more evident after the exceeding ardour of the new members has a little cooled down. We need not dwell upon the general performance of *Judas Maccabæus*. Enough that, in all respects, it worthily opened a series of performances from which great things are expected. *St. Paul* will be given on the 13th inst., and will be very welcome, not merely for its abstract worth, but because of the undue neglect into which, Mendelssohn's Christian oratorio has fallen, consequent upon the extreme popularity of *Elijah*. If it be true that the directors have made up their minds to revive Dr. Crotch's *Palestine*, they have an extra claim upon our good wishes. It is long since an English oratorio was heard in Exeter Hall, and we are not disposed, in view of this fact, to examine very closely the choice now made. Nevertheless, we cannot help reminding the Exeter Hall authorities that neither Sir Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria* nor Mr. Sullivan's *Prodigal Son* has yet had a hearing under their auspices. Sir Julius Benedict's *St. Peter* is also neglected, despite its great success elsewhere. Surely these and other works by composers of English birth, or English residence, deserve notice! If so, why not encourage them? It is impossible to encourage Dr. Crotch. Herr Pauer's Lectures on the History of Oratorio will be a novel and attractive feature of the season; and it is to be hoped that their success may stimulate the directors to persevere in the new field of work thus entered upon.

THADDEUS EGG.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

(From the Birmingham "Daily Post.")

It may seem to persons a little premature in this present month of December, to begin shaping the form and forecasting the prospects of the Birmingham Musical Festival of August next; but the members of the committee, on which the arrangements for that triennial celebration devolve, know from old experience the importance of early action in a business involving interests of such great magnitude, and it is scarcely too much to say that before one Festival is fairly over it behoves the conductors to commence planning the next. Probably, if the interests alluded to were pecuniary only, less elaborate preparations might suffice, but the managers of the Birmingham Festival have to uphold the prestige of the meeting as the leading musical celebration of the provinces, if not, indeed, of the country; for the colossal gatherings at Sydenham, which can alone compete with those of Birmingham in point of executive art, have not hitherto been distinguished by any great development of creative talent. At all events, the Birmingham Festival is the only one which can boast of having originated works of such large proportions and enduring fame as the *Elijah* and *Leipzig* of Mendelssohn, and in a less exalted

category as Dr. Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*, Mr. Henry Smart's *Bride of Dunkerron*, &c., Benedict's *St. Peter*, and Costa's *Naaman and Eli*. It is in virtue of such services to the cause of music that our Festival holds its place at the head of the Music Meetings of England; and in order to maintain that pre-eminence, and provide for a succession of high-class novelties, it is indispensable that the field should be taken early, and the necessary negotiations with native and foreign composers concluded in ample time, not only for the composition and revision, but for the study and rehearsal of the new works. From the report presented to the General Committee at its meeting on Saturday, it will be seen that our Festival managers are not unmindful of this important part of their responsibilities, and that commissions have already been given to three composers of eminence for new works to be produced at the Festival of 1873. Mr. Arthur Sullivan, who is engaged upon a work of the oratorio class, to which the place of honour will be assigned in August next, is no stranger to the local musical public, who entertain a grateful remembrance of his *Kenilworth*, produced at the Festival of 1864, as well as of many subsequent compositions of a more ambitious character, both vocal and orchestral, which, though originally published elsewhere, have found their way to Birmingham through the instrumentality of our local musical societies. Signor Randegger is well-known as a facile song, cantata, and operetta writer, with an enviable gift of graceful and sprightly melody; and Signor Schira's admirable part-song compositions point him out as not less worthy of the task entrusted to him by our Festival Committee. We had hoped that the name of M. Gounod—unquestionably the most original composer at present residing in this country—might have been added to the list of competitors, and that another "*Nasareth*" or "*Messe Solennelle*" from his gifted pen would have conferred *éclat* upon the Birmingham Festival of 1873; but the great French composer, we believe, has other engagements in hand, and his contribution therefore must be reserved for a future celebration. The three new works, however, which are already commissioned from Messrs. Arthur Sullivan, Randegger, and Schira, will afford ample novelty for one Festival, and we may confidently trust the composers that the quality of the work will not be unworthy even the inaugural performance of a second century of Festivals. On their side we have no doubt the public will take care that the pecuniary results do not fall off, but that the steady development of revenue shown by the increase in the receipts from £800, in 1768, to £14,635, in 1870, when no less than £6,084 was handed over to the Birmingham General Hospital as the net profit of the Festival, will be maintained to the end of the chapter.

MUSIC IN ANTWERP.

Friday, *Faust* has been whistled through the fingers, although we haste to mention that our expressions does not apply to the interpretations of the *chef d'œuvre* of Gounod, but well to the unsettled temperature of the audience that M. Etienne remained in the Win, although his comrades Madame Wery, and Messrs. Solve and Domengie remained victorious. Marguerite was admirable because Mlle. Mezeray has done her best, for which, we wish her joy. Mon. Dekeghel is a Faust who sings his part officially, that is to say which leaning to the poetique part, and without having the air to remember between the type and the auditor should reign without ceasing the charms of the illusion. Why sing the *suave* cavatina, *Saint demeure chaste et pure*, before the footlights of the orchestra? Margarette does not inhabit as far we knew the prompter's box. M. Centi is progressing in his part, his Mephisto has been well rendered with the exception of the Golden Calf. Mdm. Rety Faivro is excellent in Siebel. Mr. Solve has been much applauded in Valentin the next spoiled nothing, a good performance except Mr. Etienne. Sunday, the *Rose of St. Flour* followed by *Maitre de la Chapelle* and *Lucia of Lammermore*, for the second appearance of Mon. Harvin, and the first of Mon. Menier, baryton of the Grand Opera. Let us say Mon. Solve has been much improved this time in the difficult part of Barnaby, and Mdm. Rety Faivro is inapproachable in the one of Gertrude, which convinces the excellence of the interpretation of this fine work of Pae'r. Rety Faivro has been warmly applauded, which proves she richly merited. The second appearance of Mon. Harvin was hardly as happy in Luccia than in his first of *Robert* although with an easy and rare high notes this artist is manifest feeble undecided rather in the passages where the high notes pass. If Mon. Harvin could refrain from his uneasiness, already so many times pronounced, he would do well. The part of Eleazar has suited him better, resounded his notes the qualities which we have contested in the artist in his first appearance. In his four predecessors it is incontestably agreed it is Mon. Harvin who possesses the most agreeable organ and who is the most authentic tenor. The cavatina in the fourth act, "*Rachel quand du Seigneur*," he sang it with a dramatic sentiment, which raised the house with unanimous applause. We cannot omit this performance without giving our approval of the part of Rachel, Mlle. Graville, who is only eighteen years old.—[Translated by V. P., from the *Antwerp Journal de la Semaine*.]

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

At the concert on Monday evening, 25th ult., the following selection was presented:—

PART I.—Quartet, in A minor, (Madame Norman-Néruda, M.M. L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti); Schumann. Song, "In native worth" (Mr. Castle); Haydn. Sonata, in A flat, Op. 26, pianoforte alone (Madame Arabella Goddard); Beethoven.

PART II.—Sonata, in D major, pianoforte and violin (Madame Arabella Goddard and Madame Norman-Néruda); Mozart. Song, "The Garland" (Mr. Castle); Mendelssohn. Quartet, in F major, Op. 17, No. 2, (Madame Norman-Néruda, M.M. L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti); Haydn.

The appearance of Madame Norman-Néruda was a welcome event, and the audience received her in a manner which showed how far the Norwegian lady has insinuated herself into their good graces. Madame Néruda's position has been honestly won by dint of great ability, and her performance on this occasion was not less remarkable for grace, expression, and skill than the best of her previous achievements. Schumann's Quartet has often been discussed in these columns, and there is every disposition to look upon it with favour as a good example of the composer's genius. We doubt, however, if the work really progresses in public esteem. Its interesting *Scherzo* and spirited *Finale* will always secure a hearing; but not even the anxiety of a Monday Popular audience to believe well of everything Mr. Chappell presents can reconcile them to the other movements. An attempt was made on Monday to encore the *Scherzo*, which unquestionably deserves high rank among movements of the kind.

Madame Goddard's reading of the Sonata in A flat is among the things best known to the musical public; and is, also, among the things which best deserve to be known. The accomplished artist showed no falling off from previous excellence; her playing of the theme with variations, and of the *Finale* being remarkable, in different ways, for the highest qualities. Strangely enough, the Funeral March made very little effect, but the *Finale* was so much applauded that Madame Goddard had to return and bow her acknowledgments. Mozart's Sonata is one of the master's most interesting works, especially in regard to a last movement of very independent form—a fantasia, in point of fact, with a little more of method in it than belongs to fantasias generally. The entire work was admirably played by the well matched ladies; but the *Finale* charmed all present beyond measure, thanks, in great part, to its delightful themes and piquant treatment. This movement had to be repeated; the audience taking no denial.

Haydn's Quartet in F (Op. 17) is not one of his most attractive works, and it fell rather tamely on the ears of those who sat it out. Its want of attraction is, however, only comparative. A work by the good old master is expected to interest and charm to the utmost. Mr. Castle, an American tenor of repute in his own country, made a successful debut. He has a good voice, much expressive power, and the rare faculty of kindling that feeling in those who hear him which evidently animates himself. Mr. Castle was loudly recalled after "In native worth."—*Sunday Times*.

MUSIC AT VIENNA.

(From a Correspondent.)

Last summer, a young lady, Mdle. Klauwell by name, produced a most favourable impression at the Cassel Musical Festival. Encouraged by her success, she resolved to go upon the stage. In pursuance of this resolve, she has just made her debut at the Imperial Operahouse, in the part of Marguerite de Valois, in *Les Huguenots*. Her voice is too weak for so large a building, and her histrionic ability is as yet conspicuous by its absence. Mdle. Klauwell is still young; her voice may grow stronger, and her acting improve; till such be the case, the concert-room and not the theatre will be the sphere best adapted for her powers. Weber's *Abu Hassan* and Schubert's *Häuslicher Krieg* have been revived on one and the same evening. The former is a complete novelty for the present generation of Viennese. It was performed at the Theater an der Wien, in 1813, but withdrawn after the fourth night. The three principal characters, which make large demands in the way of histrionic and comic humour on the part of the performers, are ably sustained on the present occasion by Miss Minnie Hauck, Herren Müller and Mayerhofer. Schubert's one-act-opera, *Der häusliche Krieg*, was, as our readers are no doubt all aware, discovered and produced by Herr Herbeck thirty years after the composer's death. It stands triumphantly the ordeal of the new Operahouse. The performance was an especially good one.

The parts formerly sung by Mdle. Krauss, Mdme. Hoffmann, and Herr Erl, gained immensely by being now entrusted to the more youthful and fresher voices of Miss Minnie Hauck, Mdme. Materna, and Herr Müller. By her grace and staid deportment, too, as a formal, dignified, and rather oldish lady, Miss Minnie Hauck gave fresh evidence how talented she is as an actress. One could scarcely believe her to be the same fair artist who was so self-willed, and naive as the Fatima of *Abu Hassan*. The choruses and concerted pieces in both works went admirably, and the overtures were played with such spirit, under the direction of Herr Herbeck, as to raise the enthusiasm of the audience to a high pitch.—Meadames Clara Schumann and Amalie Joachim have given a most numerous attended concert in the small room of the Musical Union. The principal instrumental pieces were Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 101; the *Scherzo* as arranged by the composer himself, from Mendelssohn's music to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and a selection from the rich store of the "Davidabündler." Mdme. Joachim sang "Kolma's Klage," Schubert; "Blondel's Lied," Schumann; and two trifles, "Sonett," and "Wiegenlied," Brahms.—The Philharmonic Concerts have begun capitally under the direction of Herr Dessoff. At the first concert of the series, Beethoven's second *Leonore* Overture was executed in a style little short of absolute perfection. Herr Edmund Singer, a Hungarian, and formerly pupil of the Conservatory here, played Beethoven's Violin Concerto with much sweetness and purity of tone, but with an unfortunate absence of power. His style recalls that of Sivori to the mind of his hearer. The programme contained a novelty in the shape of Robert Volkmann's "Serenade in F major for Stringed Orchestra," which consists of four short movements, Allegro, Scherzo, Waltz, and March. The audience wanted the two middle movements repeated, but Herr Dessoff—probably in consequence of the length of the programme, which comprised, among other things, Schumann's B flat major Symphony—did not accede to their desire, though it was most energetically expressed by prolonged and vehement applause.—The Beethoven Memorial Committee has been definitely formed. An artistic sub-committee of three members and an executive sub-committee of seven have also been appointed. The members of the principal committee have resolved to beg the Abbate Franz Liszt to compose a Cantata for a grand concert to be given in aid of the Memorial Fund, and to be under his personal direction. They have resolved furthermore to petition the Emperor and the Municipality of Vienna for a grant towards the same fund, and also to call upon the musical circles of the capital to exert themselves zealously in the work. It is settled that the Monument shall be erected in the Grand Square in front of the Academical Gymnasium.—Mdme. Sabine Marquet, formerly, as Sabine Heinefetter, one of the most popular singers of the day, died at Illenau on the 18th ult. After retiring from public life and marrying, she settled at Marseilles with her husband, and remained in that town till he left her a widow. She was removed this year to Illenau in consequence of having been attacked with insanity.

PROFESSOR OAKELEY.

At the annual meeting of the Edinburgh University Musical Association the Secretary (Dr. M'Kendrick), read a letter received that morning from Professor Oakeley, in which he said that one of his chief regrets at not being allowed to return to his post during the earlier part of the session had been in respect of their re-established musical society. He assured his friends that, though forbidden to return to Edinburgh for the present, he was heart and soul amongst them; and it would be a very great solace to him to hear that even more interest was shown in this department of musical work and recreation than had been manifested last winter. Early in January he hoped to meet the members of the society again at their practisings, and also take up the *baton* so kindly presented to him last spring. He added that though his progress towards recovery from a terrible accident was necessarily slow, it was, he trusted, decided. It was a cause of deepest thankfulness to him that neither head nor hands had suffered from the effects of his fall, and that he was thus able to look forward to renewed dedication of both to Edinburgh work and duty.

EGYPT (says the *Musical Standard*) now boasts of a musical and artistic journal.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1872-3.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

EIGHTH CONCERT, MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 9, 1872.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

PART I.

QUARTET, in C minor, Op. 17, No. 4, for two violins, viola, and
violinello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI,
and PIATTI Haydn.
SONG, "If with all your hearts"—MR. WILLIAM CASTLE Mendelssohn.
ANDANTE and PRESTO AGITATO, for pianoforte alone—
Herr PAUER Mendelssohn.

PART II.

SONATA, in D Minor, for violin, with pianoforte accompani-
ment—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA Rust.
SONGS, ("The Question")—MR. WILLIAM CASTLE Schubert.
("Devotion") Schumann.
QUINTET, in E flat, Op. 44, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and
violinello—Herr PAUER, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L.
RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI Schumann.
CONDUCTOR SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

THREE EXTRA MORNING PERFORMANCES.

(Not included in the Subscription) will take place

On Saturdays, December 7 and 14, and January 18.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT.

DECEMBER 7, 1872.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

PROGRAMME.

QUARTET in C major, for two violins, viola, and violinello—
MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI Mozart.
RECIT. and AIR, "Deeper and deeper still (*Jephtha*)"—MR. SIMS
REEVES Handel.
SONATA, in B flat, Op. 22, for pianoforte alone—MR. FRANKLIN
TAYLOR Beethoven.
ALLEMANDE, LARGO, and ALLEGRO, for violinello, with
pianoforte accompaniment—Signor PIATTI Veracini.
SONG, "Chariot"—MR. SIMS REEVES H. Lambeth.
TRIO in C minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violinello—MR.
FRANKLIN TAYLOR, Herr STRAUS, and Signor PIATTI Mendelssohn.
Conductor SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS.

TENTH CONCERT—THIS DAY—DECEMBER 7th, 1872.

PROGRAMME.

OVERTURE, "She Stoops to Conquer" (first time) Macfarren.
ROMANCE, "Il mio rimorso" (*Dinorah*)—Signor GUSTAVE
GARCIA Meyerbeer.
SYMPHONY in E flat (first time of performance) Mozart.
CONCERT ARIA, "Infelice"—Madame SISICO Mendelssohn.
PIANOFORTE CONCERTO in D, arranged by the Composer
from the Violin Concerto (first time of performance)—Miss A.
ZIMMERMANN Beethoven.
SONG, "Biondina" (No. 2)—Expressly composed for Signor
GARCIA Gounod.
ARIA, "Robert toi que j'aime"—Madame SINICO Meyerbeer.
CONCERT ARIA, "Barcarolle"—Miss A. ZIMMERMANN Rubinstein.
PIANOFORTE SOLOS, "Scherzino"—Miss A. ZIMMERMANN Schumann.
BALLADE, "La Baccante"—Madame SISICO Fiori.
OVERTURE, "Oberon" Weber.
CONDUCTOR MR. MANNS.

At 3 o'clock precisely.

* * * Madame ARABELLA GODDARD will appear again at a date after Christmas;
Mme. SCHUMANN on 1st March; Herr JOACHIM on Feb. 15th, and March 15th; Signor
PIATTI on January 18th; and Mme. NORMAN-NERUDA on the 25th January.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs.
DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little
Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements
may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1872.

A GOOD deal has been written and said of late respecting the aggressive amateurism which is making itself felt in most branches of art, and in not a few ramifications of commerce. During the present week, for example, a meeting of discontented tradesmen was held in London, with a view to put down Civil Service shop-keeping; and, if professional musicians and concert-givers could, by any possibility, unite for any purpose, we might soon hear of their organised wrath being directed against the amateurs who are spoiling the market with great alacrity and enthusiasm. It is not our purpose to fulminate just now against amateurism, which does not know its place, but rather to hold up for imitation and praise that which both knows its place, and therein does its duty. We betray no secret in stating that the new British Orchestral Society has been founded by a few lovers of music, with a view to the benefit of art, and artists—especially of art and artists born on British soil. These gentlemen desire neither glory nor profit for themselves; but, keeping in the background, are satisfied to further professional interests, and willing to run the risk of failure. Here is the true function of the amateur, as far as he may be said to have any public duty at all. Would that it were more generally recognized and acted upon! But, as a matter of fact, the amateur never thinks he is doing anything at all when he is not obtruding his personality upon public notice. He wants to sing, or play, or get up concerts—at all events, to do something which is likely to gratify his vanity or love of praise. What a happy thing it would be if the illusion underlying all this were dispelled, and every non-professional musician saw clearly that his only duty, outside the private circle, is to foster with his money and his personal influence the advancement of art, leaving its management and interpretation to those upon whom the work specially devolves. The amateur founders of the British Orchestral Society have, so far, set a noble example. They are ready with their money and their private influence; to the rest Mr. George Mount and his professional advisers must look.

As regards the Society itself, we give it a hearty welcome into the family of kindred institutions, not one member of which has any reason for jealousy of the new-comer. The British Orchestral concerts will take place when the Philharmonic Societies are hibernating, and when no orchestral music can be heard anywhere nearer than Sydenham. They have, therefore, a sphere of their own, and propose to do nothing the doing of which may be claimed as the prerogative of another. The marvel is that work so obviously useful went so long begging for a worker. That it did so is a feature in musical history capable of varied interpretation. Did it arise from a notion that only "Society" can comprehend a symphony, and that, when "Society" is out of town, symphonies may be put aside? Or was the love of orchestral music supposed to fluctuate with the seasons, and be strongest during the spring months? But, no matter what the cause, the fact that our huge metropolis remained all the winter through as destitute of orchestral music as the trees were destitute of leaves, could be no other than a disgrace. The new Society purposes to make it a fact no longer; and who, under such circumstances, will not wish the adventure success?

We have no desire to look upon the establishment of the

Society as hostile to foreign artists; nor is there anything which at present suggests such an idea. Surely, an orchestra in England composed exclusively of English performers is a very natural phenomenon, and need not imply any arraying of class against class, or any infusion of a sectarian spirit into the domain of cosmopolitan art! All that we understand by it is a desire to take advantage of whatever national preferences may reasonably be supposed to exist; and a wish to show Englishmen what Englishmen can do in the highest branches of executive music. Both objects are unquestionably harmless and laudable.

Reviewing the whole matter, we see in the British Orchestral Society an enterprise worthy of support; and all that remains is for the managers to show that they are worthy of their enterprise,

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MR. SIMS REEVES is announced to sing at to-day's Popular Concert for the first time in London since his regretted illness. The distinguished tenor has appeared on several occasions in the provinces, and shown all his old power to charm an audience. We feel sure that Londoners will eagerly welcome back to restored health, and to the concert-room, one who is not only their chief favourite, but who is, also, the greatest singer of our time.

It is said that M. Gounod intends to give orchestral as well as choral concerts during the season. All labourers are welcome in the field of high art; and the distinguished Frenchman has a right to special consideration; but the choral concerts are likely to prove most interesting, if what we hear about the new part-songs written by M. Gounod be true.

ACTIVE measures are being taken to provide Liverpool with a Triennial Festival after the pattern of that which has made Birmingham famous throughout the musical world. The local press has taken the matter up warmly, and amateurs of great influence support it; so that the desired result is probable. If Liverpool have any public spirit at all—and we are not quite sure on this head with regard to music—something will be done to improve a reputation which is far from the highest, considering the many advantages enjoyed.

ANOTHER effort will be made this evening to give Londoners a winter Italian opera; the "enterprising impresarios" being, this time, a Company (Limited). St. George's Hall is the chosen *locale*; a number of artists, chiefly unknown in England, are engaged, and the lighter class of works by Italian composers will supply the repertory. Upon the success or failure of the adventure we do not care to speculate; but it must be obvious to the managers that they have an uphill task before them. Italian opera in London is the luxury of the rich, and they like it luxuriously given. The middle classes, we fear, care little about it—not enough, at all events, to support actively an enterprise which must stand or fall according as they support it or not.

WHAT is an "Amateur Author?" A literary journal contains two advertisements. The first invites "amateur authors of ability" to contribute to a monthly magazine; the second states, that "it is proposed to publish, on the co-operative system, a handsome drawing-room table volume, after the manner of Dodsley's famous *Annals*, containing select contributions by young authors desirous of introduction to the public. To be introduced to the public is a pleasant thing for a young author; but to be introduced upon a drawing-room table is to commence literary life in a most elegant fashion. Everything has its use, and it is satisfactory to learn that there is a demand somewhere for the writings of poetasters and essayists whose common fate is to be consigned to a waste-paper basket. But how is the co-operative system to be applied to the coming annual?

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

In the last issue of the *Sunday Times* we read as follows:—

"M. Gounod has written to the *Times* complaining in bitter terms of the manner in which the English publishers treat his music; altering and adapting it at their pleasure—such of it, that is to say, as the law permits them to get hold of—and then making the composer responsible for the artistic consequences. No doubt, M. Gounod has just ground for complaint, in common with other composers, living and dead; no doubt, also, that steps should be taken to guard authors against the consequences of having their works tampered with by inferior hands. But as a matter of fact the whole law of copyright and of author's rights in the creations of his brain, demands thorough revision. Till that is done, publishers who carry on business under the stimulus of keen competition are more likely to consult their own interests than to study the artistic reputation of anybody else. M. Gounod recognises this fact, and is careful to point out the particular shop at which his works may be obtained pure and unadulterated. We presume that, at the same place, are sold those copyright 'arrangements' by M. Gounod, wherein not a note differs from the original."

LOCAL & NATIONAL.

The Liverpool *Daily Courier* thus discusses the relative advantages of local festivals and such gatherings as those established at the Crystal Palace by Mr. Willert Beale:—

"Time was when Liverpool had its periodical musical festivals, which gave considerable help to the local charities. The town, however, lost its taste for music, and when art once again assumed a prominent position it was in a different form. Liverpool is now so big that it does not like to admit its provincialism in art or any other matters. It possesses two large and many small musical societies, but none of these evince a disposition to associate themselves with metropolitan undertakings. It is, therefore, not to be expected that Liverpool singers will organise to promote the success of Crystal Palace schemes, and it is a moot question whether Mr. Willert Beale's National Music Meetings tend to promote art in its higher phase. The meetings last season did not give unmixed satisfaction, though perhaps the complaints were unreasonable. There is some idea of collecting a competing choir in Liverpool to contest for one of the prizes at the next Meetings. As a musical excursion, such a project may succeed, and cannot fail to afford some pleasure; but whether the benefit will extend further remains to be seen. We must not be supposed to question the motives of the promoters. Mr. Willert Beale's devotion to art is well known, and he no doubt anticipates substantial musical benefits, besides the financial gain to the Crystal Palace Company. But hitches seem unavoidable in great undertakings like those of Gilmore and Beale. Local gatherings would, we feel assured, be more conducive to musical cultivation. If the long-disestablished festivals once more obtained a place among Liverpool institutions, they might be expected to accomplish real benefit. The musical societies and church choirs in the town and district would then vie with each other in providing voices equal to the demands of the greatest works. Such gatherings would assuredly promote musical taste, and they would doubtless have been re-established ere now but for other considerations than art. In Liverpool, unlike other towns, there is an aristocracy as well as a democracy among the vocalists, and the former assume a tone of superiority which their musical eminence does not justify. They are aristocratic because they sing only for "currant-jelly" entertainment, and the others are democratic because they are allowed to sing only for baser mortals. Caste is a great feature and bane in Liverpool life, and is one of the stumbling-blocks in the path of musical progress."

REVIEWS.

METZLER & CO.

The Wedding March, from Wagner's opera of *Lohengrin*. Arranged for the Pianoforte by JULES BRISSAC.

THE fates have conspired with the Italian opera singers to keep the opera of *Lohengrin* still longer a stranger to the English. Such of the public as wait not for the policemen's behest, but are disposed to "move on" with the times, will be gratified to meet with a clever transcription of one of the most favourite pieces in the work, through which they may learn of what kind of stuff Herr Wagner's dreams are made. It comprises the chief matter of the second *entr'acte*, and of the "Bridal Chorus" to which this leads. It is arranged so as to produce a good effect without extreme difficulty and fairly to represent the original. The severest opponent of the composer's style cannot pretend that there is a want of a certain kind of melody or character in the themes here chosen, and Monsieur Brissac deserves praise for the skilful manner in which he has distributed them for the pianoforte.

WREXHAM.—Mr. Harris gave a concert on the 29th ult., in the Town Hall. Madame Billine Porter was the lady artist, and sang with effect "Softly sighs," and Bishop's "Echo song," to a large audience. The other vocalists were gentlemen from Chester Cathedral, while a number of instrumentalists completed the party. Mr. Harris was called upon to repeat his harmonium solo, and Mr. Redfearn his solo on the flute.

MR. AUGUSTUS MAYHEW'S READING AT RICHMOND.

Mr. Augustus Mayhew gave, under distinguished patronage, on the 28th ult., in the large room of the Castle Hotel, the first of a series of Readings from his own works. The programme looked well, and, what is more, fully realised all the anticipations excited by such topics as a "Journal of a Poor Husband, whose Wife has gone to the Seaside;" "The Husbands' Boat to Margate," and "The Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, described by Miss Georgie Shelley, who lost a small Fortune."

Mr. Augustus Mayhew, as it is, perhaps, superfluous to remark, has long been favourably known for the truthful spirit of observation, the photographic fidelity of description, and the rollicking, unconstrained, sparkling humour to be met with in every page traced by his hand. A sense of fun is innate in him; it is part of his nature. He makes his readers split with laughter, not because he attempts to do so, but because he cannot help it. If the proverb of "Laugh and grow fat" be really, and without exception, true, we should advise all Bantingites, when they renounce potatoes and other vegetables; banish sugar from their tea and from their grog; give up beer; and never eat bread, unless previously toasted, not to indulge in *The greatest Plague in Life; Whom to Marry and how to get Married; Blow hot, Blow cold*; and a host of other books from the same merry and gifted pen. Such publications are not for people who want to reduce their size. If, we repeat, there be truth in the above proverb, we can fancy the horror of some aspirant to slenderness finding, after unconsciously absorbing nutrition from the exhilarating stories in question, that he is growing every day fatter and fatter, like a horse fed upon Thorley's Food for Cattle—as represented in Mr. Thorley's woodcuts, and described in Mr. Thorley's pamphlets.

The selections read by Mr. Mayhew, on the 28th, must have rendered his audience anxious to hear more. "The Journal of a Poor Husband" shows triumphantly that it is as easy for a clever writer to extract amusement from a wretched Benedict's misery, as for a chemist to obtain the most delicate and beautiful dyes from the refuse of a gas-yard. Nay, so fascinating is the process, that, inhuman as our conduct may seem, we are absolutely grateful for this want of sympathy towards a man and a brother. As for wondrous comparisons and similes, Mr. Mayhew revels in them. They are as plentiful in the "Journal of a Poor Husband," as Sir John Falstaff gives us to understand blackberries are. In "The Husbands' Boat to Margate," Mr. Mayhew held the mirror up to Nature with a skilful hand. We are sure that many a lord of the creation distinctly saw his own face in it. We hope, for the sake of domestic peace and quietness, that none of the married ladies present also caught a glimpse. Speaking generally in the interest of the married men who visit the favourite watering-place in the Isle of Thanet, as well as of the stewards of the steamboats, we think something might be done in the way of raising a sum—a very large sum, of course—to induce Mr. Mayhew not to read "The Husbands' Boat" very often. If he does, there will be a woful falling off in the number of dinners eaten on board the Eagle and the Prince of Wales on Saturdays; Dublin stout will be neglected; and brandy-and-water become a drug on the ocean between the Nore Light and Margate Jetty. "The Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race" was a worthy pendant to its two predecessors in the programme. Mr. Mayhew, who had received a most flattering reception, from a numerous and fashionable audience, on his first appearance, and reiterated marks of hearty approbation in the course of the evening, was much applauded on concluding the last piece.

The Reading, properly so called, was diversified by two pianoforte solos exceedingly well played by Mr. Burnham Horner, and two songs, exceedingly well composed, by the same gentleman, to some admirable verses—with a rich smack of Herrick about them—written by Mr. Mayhew. We must not omit adding that the songs were sung with great taste and expression by Mr. Frederick Walker, who, in obedience to the general wish, repeated the first song, and might have repeated the second, had he not contented himself with merely bowing his thanks for the plaudits bestowed upon him.

An organ without any stops—a hand-organ.

MUSIC IN BIRMINGHAM.

(From our own Correspondent.)

If anything could tend to console us for the gloomy days, the incessant deluges of rain, the fogs, the mud, and numberless other discomforts, all hugely aggravated by the smoke, which ever hangs like a pall over this active region, it would be good music, and of this the month of November has had its share. Stimulated, possibly, by the success of Messrs. Harrison's orchestral concert, Mr. Russell has given an entertainment of like character, also with a Manchester band, that of Mr. De Jong, who is in some sort a rival of the famous German pianist and conductor for the favour of Cottonopolis. Numerically of about the same strength, although by some thought deficient in the necessary complement of strings, the band created a highly satisfactory impression, their efforts being specially recognized in the careful performance of Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony, and being no less noticeable for their accompaniment of the same composer's G minor concerto, of which the pianoforte part was played by Mr. Franklin Taylor with all that delicacy, refinement, and finish which have earned for him so honourable a place in the foremost rank of English pianists. Madame Patey and Mdlle. Rita were the vocalists, the former acquitting herself in a manner worthy her just reputation, and the latter also impressing her hearers favourably.

The first of this winter's series of Chamber Concerts was given by Messrs. Harrison, Nov. 27th—the executants, Madame Norman-Néruda, Messrs. Ries, Schreurs, Daubert, and Hallé, being the same as those engaged for the previous season. The scheme included Mozart's Quartet in C, No. 6; Beethoven's pianoforte Sonata in D minor (Op. 29), No. 2; J. S. Bach's duet for pianoforte and violin in A major, and Raff's Trio in G major (Op. 112). With artists of such admitted excellence as those named, criticism would almost appear superfluous; and it is sufficient for the purpose to record that each played his best, the audience, by their hearty applause, showing how fully they appreciated the efforts of the performers. Nor is it necessary to enter into an analysis of the works of the composers whose names graced the programme, as they are all more or less familiar to musical readers. Nevertheless, I must express my individual opinion about the quartet of Herr J. Raff, who appears to be a disciple of the modern German school, and whose music, although at times not deficient in what would be a melodious theme if left alone, appeared, for the most part, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Might I, at the same time, be pardoned for asking why this apostle of the *Zukunft* gives the title of each movement in German instead of Italian, the language which Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and every other great composer, irrespective of nationality, have been content to make use of? The vocal music was contributed by Miss Elsie Clifford, who sang Meyerbeer's "Fisher Maiden," and Gumbert's "If on the meads," with taste and expression.

For the next concert of the Festival Choral Society, Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Signors Borella, Zoboli, Agnesi, and Bellini, are announced; and the same artists, with Mdlles. Ilma di Muraka, Marimon, Signor Foli, and others, will give three nights of opera, Dec. 9th, 10th, and 11th. *Don Giovanni*, *Faust*, and *Il Flauto Magico*, are the attractions set forth by the lessee of the Theatre Royal. D. H.

MILAN.—The funeral of the late Signor Francesco Lucca took place on the 23rd ult., amid an immense crowd. Among those present were all the persons connected with the firm of the deceased, as well as with that of Signor Ricordi, the professors of the Conservatory, a large number of composers, journalists, the managers and chorists of the Scala, &c. The corners of the pall were held by Signori Braga and Gomez, the composers, Signor Giuseppe Ricordi, the eminent music publisher, and Signor Villani, the tenor. The band of the National Guard performed a grand funeral march by Signor Ponchielli. The *Treccani* says of the deceased:—"From a simple workman he became the proprietor and head of one of the most important firms in the world, and honestly made a fortune. He possessed a generous heart, and was always ready to assist his workmen when they applied to him, as well as others, and he never used his good actions as *puffs*. Very few individuals, wealthy though they might be, would spare from seven to eight thousand *lire* to expend on a piano as a present to the Conservatory, and no one save Signor Lucca would have endowed the city with a statue—the statue of Donizetti—which is to be placed in the entrance of the Scala."

MUSIC AT BOLOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

We have actually heard music here lately! Yes, twice during the last week; but firstly, I must tell you why—the musicians here (I call them the musicians, because most of them belong to all the theatres in the town, the orchestra of the Etablissement, of the Theatre, of the Musique Communale, of the Société de Musique) have a fête once a year, on the day of their patron saint, St. Cecile. This day falling last Friday, 22nd, it was thought fit by the authorities—whoever they may be—that Monday should be kept as the fête St. Cecile by the members of the Musique Communale, and Thursday by those of the Société de Musique. Accordingly, on Monday last, the former, having donned their uniforms (really those of the ancient National Guard), played a lively march through the streets, and went to St. Nicholas, where a musical mass was “gone through,” the band playing before and after the same. I only came in time for the last part of the mass, and heard the “Agnus Dei”—very well sung—and the overture to *Zampa*, pretty well performed by the band. A clarinet solo near the end was a failure. On Thursday, however, the gentlemen of the Société de Musique, in “tail coats,” &c., eschewed the muddy streets, and assembled in the same church. The performance was really good. They played, before the mass, *Les Francs Juges* overture, Berlioz; in the middle, “Motifs du Stabat Mater,” Rossini; and, to finish, “Marche aux flambeaux,” Meyerbeer. The mass was well sung. The first piece was very long and difficult, and taxed them to their utmost. The selection from the *Stabat Mater* was the best; but it is a strange thing, these men belonging to so many different bands, and consequently being under four or five conductors. I am sure if Marten, who conducts at the Etablissement, had wielded the *bâton*, they would have kept more together—if you know what I mean.—M. Reichardt, the composer of “Thou art so near,” and other popular songs, is here, and is thinking of getting up a concert in aid of the funds of the local Hospital, at the Theatre. M. Clement Marten, the director, is expected to give, at the close of the dramatic season, a series of operas, including *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, and other works of like character. Mlle. Schneider also, is being “negotiated with,” and a new *Opera Bouffe*, by Offenbach, “appelée à surpasser tous les autres, verra le jour sur notre scène,” say the newspaper “reclames.” The fair at the Haute Ville is over; the “Chevaux de Bois” have ceased to go round; the organ that suggested to the little merry May Queen seated on her peg, “with a laugh as we go round to the merry, merry sound,” grinds no more, and the big drum belonging to the mermaid exhibition is dumb. Dr. Sidney Chater, well-known for his exertions, as well as those of his amiable wife, as the head of one of the principal ambulances during the Franco-German war, is settled among us, I am glad to hear, and will, no doubt, soon obtain an extensive practice among the English Community.

S. C.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

A grand evening concert by the principal artists of Her Majesty's Opera was given in this hall on the 23rd ult., and attracted a very large and brilliant audience. The programme included much variety, requiring not only Mr. Mapleson's solo vocalists, but also his orchestra, and a division of Mr. W. Carter's choir: the whole being under the direction of Mr. Cusins, with Mr. Willing as organist. Rossini's *Stabat Mater* opened the proceedings, and was performed in a manner which met with the loudly-expressed approval of the audience. There were no encores, but all the principal solo members were vigorously applauded. Hardly will any reader require to be told which among the airs pleased most. Mlle. Tietjens in “Inflammatus,” Madame Trebelli in “Fac ut portem,” Signor Campanini in “Cujus animam,” and Signor Agniet in “Pro peccatis” were highly successful, the new tenor making quite a sensation by his fine voice and good delivery. The second part began with Beethoven's great *Leonora* overture, and contained also “Ombra leggiera,” brilliantly sung by Mlle. Ilma di Murska, and encored; “M'appari,” which Signor Campanini was obliged to repeat, and “Nobil Signor,” the repetition of which by Madame Trebelli was insisted upon. Signor Campobello sang “Honour and arms” in good style; Mlle. di Murska further exhibited her vocal powers in Proch's Variations, and the concert ended with the March from *Tannhäuser*.

Elijah will be given, under Mr. Mapleson's auspices, on Dec. 14; and there will be a performance of the *Messiah* on Christmas Day.

CUSTOMS ORPHANAGE.

On Thursday evening week a concert (under distinguished patronage) took place in St. James's Hall, in aid of the Customs Orphanage. Miss Banks' “Sing, sweet bird” was enthusiastically applauded. Owing to the illness of Miss Purdy, Miss Antell supplied her place, and sang well “The Sailor's Story,” and Benedict's “Rock me to sleep.” Miss Agnes Drummond gave “The Lover and the Bird,” and Miss Lucy Franklein was heard to great advantage in “Quando a te liete.” Mr. George Perren rendered “Bonny Mary of Argyll” with taste, and Mr. W. H. Cummings was encored in his own song, “She like a Seraph sings.” He afterwards gave “Tom Bowling.” Mr. Chaplin Henry was encored in “Homeward Bound.” Mr. Matthison, who made his first appearance since his return from America, was excellent in “Sing me the songs of old.” Mr. Lazarus performed a solo on the clarinet from Gounod's *Faust*, and Mr. W. H. Thomas executed with perfect grace and finish Benedict's “Where the bee sucks,” on the piano. Mr. J. C. Arlidge was successful in a flute fantasia. The A Division of Police Band, under the direction of Mr. Dickinson, performed ably the overture to *La Dame Blanche*, a selection from Verdi's *Macbeth*, and the “Marche des conscrits.” Mr. W. H. Thomas conducted. The hall was fully and fashionably attended. We may again state that the object of the Customs Orphanage is to provide for the education and to board and clothe destitute children of both sexes of deceased officers of the outdoor department of her Majesty's Customs of the Port of London, who may be really or virtually orphans, and whose fathers at the time of death were members of the institution. It may be further observed that the institution is unsectarian—the children being placed where they can receive a sound and useful education, based upon the religious views of their parents, and where their mothers or friends may occasionally visit. The children are admitted to the benefits of the orphanage at six years of age, and are retained, the boys until they attain the age of 14, and the girls until the age of 15, when the best endeavours are made to procure suitable employment for them. The institution also grants gratuities, and, occasionally, monthly allowances to the destitute widows or members, according to the circumstances of each case, for which purpose the sum of £100 is set aside annually.

—O—

ILMA DI MURSKA AS AMINA.

In a well-written and interesting notice of a recent performance of *La Sonnambula*, at the Theatre Royal in Manchester, the *Daily Review* thus speaks of Mlle. Ilma di Murska's performance of the chief character:—

“Mlle. Ilma di Murska's Amina cannot be excelled by that of any living artist. The part is one which affords great scope for acting, of which Mlle. di Murska takes full advantage. In the sleep-walking scenes, on which the whole action of the opera depends, her performance was singularly true and expressive; and not less successful was her delineation of Amina's grief and sense of outraged innocence, when repudiated and denounced by her lover and her associates. The entire music of the part is precisely suited to Mlle. di Murska's voice and style. Her splendid powers of execution were fully displayed in the *allegro brillante*, ‘Sovra il sen,’ and the joyous air, ‘Ah non giunge,’ with which the opera ends; while she proved herself fully adequate to the interpretation of the highly dramatic scene where Amina is found by Elvina in Rodolfo's chamber. She was vehemently applauded throughout, and recalled several times during the opera.”

Elsewhere, the critic praises the general efficiency of the “cast”—Elvino being played by Signor Bettini, Rodolfo by Signor Foli, and Lisa by Madame Bauermeister.

GRATZ.—The Italian operatic company, under the management of Signor Pollini, have been giving a series of performances, at three times the usual prices of admission, to crowded houses. The bright particular star of the company is Madame Artôt-Padilla.

JENA.—Second Academical Concert: Symphony, B flat major, Beethoven; Overture to the opera, *Dame Kobold*, Raff; Aria from *Le Pré-aux-Clères*, Hérold; Serenade, Haydn; Solos for Trombone, Lassen; and Waltz-Air, Salvi.

ELBING.—Herr Odenwald, the Cantor of the choir at St. Mary's, lately gave a concert there, when the church was crowded. The choir was strengthened and increased to some 160 voices, men's and boys', by the chorus from the Gymnasium. One of the principal features in the programme was “Israel's Siegesgesang,” by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller. The other pieces were the “Hall-luh Chorus,” from Handel's *Messiah*; “Es ist eine Ros' entsprungen,” by Pratorius, and “Tenebræ factæ sunt,” by M. Haydn, both the latter being a *capella*. Herr Odenwald, too, took part with Mlle. Lebens in the duet between Elijah and the Widow, from Mendelssohn's great oratorio. Herr Markull, from Dantzig, played the organ accompaniment to the duet, as well as some purely instrumental pieces.

WAIFS.

We are informed that Madame Arabella Goddard intends starting for Australia early in next March.

A great composer—Sleep.

Mr. Charles E. Stephens is appointed organist and choirmaster at St. Saviour's, Paddington.

Chopin is to have a monument in his native town, Warsaw. Prince Orloff is leader of the project.

The death is announced of M. Charles Duvernoy, the well-known professor at the Paris Conservatoire.

The People's Concerts at the Royal Albert Hall ended on Monday, and it is not likely that they will be resumed.

A leader of a country band says that when he finds a piece written in four flats, he never uses more than two of the flats.

A poet in Pittsburgh has sent to a local paper a poem, in which he alludes to the dew as "the perspiration of the moon."

Mdme. Patti's benefit at Moscow was a great success. The receipts were 8,700,000 roubles—more than 30,000,000 francs.—DR. BLIDGE.

M. Gounod's *Deux Reines de France* was produced at the Théâtre Italien on the 27th ult. It is severely criticised in the *Gazette Musicale*.

It is positively stated that Signor Campanini is engaged by Mr. Max Strakosch, for the Adelina Patti tour in the United States of America, next year.

A committee has been formed in Vienna for the purpose of erecting a monument to Beethoven. Liszt has been asked to write a cantata in aid of the movement.

Schumann's music to *Manfred* is in rehearsal at the Paris Conservatoire. The overture was played lately at M. Pasdeloup's concerts, and promptly condemned.

The Chicago Jubilee, which is to take place next summer, will call together 5,000,000 singers and 500,000 instrumentalists. The German singing societies are relied upon to a large extent.—DR. BLIDGE.

A minor canonry in Winchester Cathedral, vacant by the preferment of the Rev. C. Hey, M.A., has been conferred upon the Rev. J. Gordon Crowdy, M.A., of Wadham College, Oxford, curate of Pershore, Worcestershire.

Sir Robert P. Stewart is engaged to superintend the production of his cantata, *The Eve of St. John*, early in the spring, in New York. Mr. P. S. Gilmore recently produced Sir Robert Stewart's *Greeting to America* at his concert, in Boston.

The Jewish community have sustained a loss by the death of the Rev. Simon Ascher (father of the late M. Ascher, the well-known pianist and composer), who has been for forty years chief reader at the Great Synagogue in London. He was eighty-three years of age.

Mdlle. Liebhart has had the honour of being presented to Mr. President Grant, who held a long conversation with the fair *cantatrice*, respecting musical affairs in general, and, in particular, the respective positions the divine art held in the mother country and in the land of the "star-spangled banner."

So great has been the desire of strangers visiting the Boston Coliseum to preserve some relic of the Jubilee that they have feloniously carried off tassels, soda fountain labels, portions of the veneering from the reception room, small pipes from the organ, &c., and, in fact, nearly every article that could be easily removed has been stolen.

The following telegraphic despatch has gone the round:—

"Bénédice Patti, *Sonnambula*, splendide, recette 36,000,000 francs. Public offert soleil diamants valeur 15,000,000 franc, 200,000 bouquets.

"Après opera Patti rappelée 60,000 fois par 4,000,000 spectateurs debout, applaudissant, agitant 10,000,000 mouchoirs, criant *Revenez*."—DR. BLIDGE.

Mdlle. Alvina Valleria, Signor Arditti's clever pupil, has been singing, for the last six weeks, with the "Ullman concert party," in Germany, and pleased everywhere, especially at Berlin, Hanover, Hamburg, Mayence and The Hague. Mdlle. Valleria is engaged for the winter carnival season at Milan, and will probably make her *début* as Isabella, in Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*.

There is a certain class of musicians who possess the gift of titulating the ear agreeably without affecting the mind or penetrating further than the exterior sense. But empty music yields very shallow and transient pleasure. The gratification it affords, instead of growing by what it feeds on, soon dies out in surfeit. The world is, however, flooded with it, and the only way to abate its superabundance is to cultivate a taste for significant music; for no sooner is this understood than the former becomes to the player and the auditor not only insipid, but distasteful.

If a musically sensitive man should be forced to abide in a house inhabited by musical pupils, he would find the beginner on the piano the most tiresome to listen to; on the flute, the most sickening; the cornet, the most exasperating; the violin, the most irritating; the clarinet, the most agonising; the trombone, the most frightful; the oboe, the most disgusting; the bassoon, the most disgusting; and on the French horn, the most painful.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Mendelssohn's oratorio, *St. Paul* (one of his brightest inspirations, and which seems to have taken firm hold of the public favour), is to be performed at Exeter Hall, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, at the Society's next concert, on Friday evening next, 13th inst. Mr. Santley will sing the music allotted to the Apostle, and Madame Florence Lancia and Mr. E. Lloyd will make their *début* at the Society's concerts on the occasion.

From Athol, we hear of a Methodist parson, somewhat eccentric, and an excellent singer. Sunday after Sunday his rich voice came from the pulpit "with the spirit and the understanding." Not so at the other end of the church, where, with abundance of spirit, there was a lamentable lack of the other virtue. In fact, the singing was simply execrable. The good brother could finally endure it no longer, and exclaimed: "Brothers and sisters, I wish those of you who can't sing would wait until you get up to the celestial regions before you try." The hint was a success.

"Trinculo," writing in the *New York Arcadian*, says:—

"Speaking of the Opera, let me say that the season has been peculiarly vexed by circumstances. I was talking with the management the other night in the building, and Mr. Jarrett called my attention to the fact that the Presidential election and the horse disease were not advertising dodges of Mr. Maretzek. 'They are,' said he, 'dispensations which all well-regulated managers can withstand with philosophic endurance, but you'll excuse me if I suggest that the American custom of burning up a city every season must sooner or later operate prejudicially to lyric art.'"

The Handel and Haydn Society at Boston (Mass.) will probably have the assistance of Mrs. Moulton and Mdlle. Drasill, a contralto of English fame, at its Christmas Oratorios. At the oratorios to be given in February and March, Mr. Nelson Varley, an English tenor, and Mr. M. W. Whitney, will, it is expected, appear in addition to Madame Rudersdorf and Miss Fairman. The Boston Chorus opened its oratorio rehearsals for the season, October 9th, and took up Sterndale Bennett's oratorio, *The Woman of Samaria*. Dan Godfrey has written a letter to a friend in Boston, saying that he will surely come to Boston again in the spring.

NATIONAL MUSIC MEETINGS.—SECOND PRIZES.—A grand harmonium, sets of wind instruments, and libraries of music to be chosen by the successful competitors are offered as second prizes in several of the classes next year, by Messrs. Alexandre, Besson, Boosey, Chappell, and Novello, respectively. These prizes are given in addition to the money prizes presented by the Crystal Palace Co. We understand that the £1,000 Challenge Cup, being manufactured by Cox & Co., is to be ready for delivery in February next, when it will be handed over to the South Wales Choir in accordance with the rules of the National Music Meetings, after having been publicly exhibited at the Crystal Palace. The cup is spoken of as a splendid work of art.

The letter we published last week, from "Paganini Redivivus," called for no remark, and we made none. An epistle so singular, spoke for itself on the only topic to which comment could be directed. Our reason for again mentioning the assumed name of its remarkable author is to allay the excited curiosity of those who learned, *per advertisement*, that he would appear at his late violin recital "in plain dress." Inquiry has elicited the statement that "Paganini Redivivus" sometimes "gets up" in imitation of his illustrious predecessor, with a view, we imagine, to secure at least one point of resemblance. For the truth of this statement we cannot vouch; but it is the best we can offer to an amused public.—*Sunday Times*.

A Western American newspaper man has been looking over the personnel of the Thomas orchestra. He says:—

"Those who imagine that musicians are a class by themselves, and distinguished by peculiarities of physique and temperament, would be undeceived by a study of the members of Thomas's orchestra, as they file out in the morning from rehearsal. In person and appearance they are as various as the instruments from which, as Artemus Ward says, they 'jerk thare sole-inspirin stranes.' There are spectacled Germans, vivacious Frenchmen, bilious, cadaverous Americans, and beefy, well-fed Englishmen. Some are as tall as incipient telegraph poles, and others so short that they have to get on stools to reach the higher notes. There are fat men and lean men; dandified and slovenly men; men who are inspired, and men who look as if they would conspire; some with eyes in fine frenzy rolling, and others whose souls delight in nothing so much as lager beer and Bologna sausage lunches. In short, they are precisely like any other chance assemblage of sixty-five men, and with as little generic resemblance."

The report that Miss Eliza Cook, the poetess, had died at Deptford, admits of some explanation. The lady of that name who is really deceased, has lived for more than two years with Mrs. Ford, of 81, Douglas Street, Deptford, who received a periodical stipend for attending upon her, and always understood that she was really the authoress of "The Old Arm-Chair," an opinion confidently indulged in by the medical man who attended upon her, and the neighbours generally, until the refutation appeared in the newspapers. Two thousand persons attended her funeral, and great sympathy was manifested, the crowd breaking open the doors of the church, and pressing forward to touch the shroud. The coffin was inscribed: "Eliza Cook, born September 2nd, 1803; died November 21st, 1872."

Apocryphos of the Sacred Harmonic Society, we think it necessary, on public grounds, to mention a report which, at first hearing, seems to have but a private interest. *On dit* that Mr. Edward Howell, first violoncello in the Society's orchestra since the death of Mr. Collins has been dismissed, solely because he refused to leave the Royal Italian Opera and go to Drury Lane. We give publicity to this report, because, if it be true, the fact should be known in justice to Mr. Howell; if not true, an opportunity of saying so should be afforded those upon whom it reflects in a way we forbear to characterise. In any case, the Society has lost the services of a capable and rising artist, and his fellow Englishmen in the orchestra have been subjected to the indignity of seeing a Frenchman, M. Lassere—Mr. Mapleson's first violoncello at Drury Lane—promoted over their heads.

In the report just presented to the General Committee of the Norfolk and Norwich Musical Festival, the Sub-Committee say:—

"We cannot omit to express in our report the deep obligations we are under to our talented conductor, Sir Julius Benedict, for his untiring zeal and devotion to furthering the objects of the Festival, and we trust the musical interest which he has been instrumental in sustaining will not be allowed to abate. In conclusion, we may unhesitatingly state that the success of the late Festival has depended almost entirely upon the high class of the music produced and the excellency of its performance; and looking on it in this light only, without the aid of large donations or any considerable profit from the ball, we may fairly consider it as one of the most successful in the annals of our triennial meetings; and as an encouragement to those who may in future have the management of these grand musical celebrations we may add, that seldom have there been greater difficulties to contend against than in the preparation and carrying out of the last Festival."

Before our next issue appears the British Orchestral Union will be fairly launched, the first concert taking place next Thursday, in St. James's Hall. The programme is a good one—Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* and Weber's *Oberon* overtures; Beethoven's C minor symphony; Sterndale Bennett's Fourth Concerto (pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard); and classical songs by Madame Lemmens and Mr. Lewis Thomas. We shall await the performance with some interest; meanwhile, the members and friends of the society will assert their national peculiarities by dining together at the Albion to-morrow (Monday) night. So thoroughly English a custom befits a thoroughly English association, and we sincerely hope that the sanguine feelings inseparable from viewing the future through the steam of a good dinner may find speedy justification in "hard facts." The society has a severe task before it; but the help of all who wish well to native art may be counted upon.—*Sunday Times*.

Mark Twain tenders the following advice to serenaders:—

"Don't stand right under the porch and howl, but get out in the middle of the street, or better still, on the other side of it. Distance lends enchantment to the sound. * * * Don't let your screaming tenor soar an octave above all the balance of the chorus, and remain there, setting everybody's teeth on edge for blocks around; and above all, don't let him sing a solo; probably there is nothing in the world so suggestive of serene contentment and perfect bliss, as the spectacle of a calf chewing a dish-rag; but the nearest approach to it is your reedy tenor, standing apart, in sickly attitude, with head thrown back, and eyes uplifted to the moon, piping his distressing solo. Now do not pass lightly over this matter, friend, but ponder it with that seriousness which its importance entitles it to. * * * As soon as you start, gag your tenor, otherwise he will be letting off a screech every now and then, to let the people know he is around. Your amateur tenor is notoriously the most self-conceited of all God's creatures."

In Mr. Fechter's new Fourteenth Street Theatre—says the New York *Arcadian*—the orchestra will be completely out of sight. The misanthropic fiddler, who has heretofore been accustomed to rise at moments of marked interest and interpose his expansive head behind him, will thus be deprived of the privilege of exasperating his fellow-creatures, while the audience will no longer be warned in advance of an approaching climax by noticing the stern determination with which the drummer clasps his stick and makes ready to sound the note of sheepskin admonition. Had Mr. Fechter carried this improvement a little further, and placed the orchestra not only out of sight but out of

hearing, it is by no means certain that he would not have acted wisely "Incidental music" has been so frequently pushed to an absurd excess, that it has become in many plays a positive nuisance. Why should Mr. Fechter in his best parts need the aid of the orchestra to express love and heroism? Is the statement, "Blanche! (tremolo by violins) Blanche! (groan from double-bass), I (blare of cornets) love thee," (grand band by all available instruments), more impressive than it would be without these musical aids? What have fiddlers and drums to do with the remarks of Ruy Blas when the latter is holding an interview with the Queen, in circumstances in which the presence of a band of music would be too indiscreet to be for a moment thought of? Either lop off superfluous incidental music, Mr. Fechter, or else place your orchestra convention in the lower depths of the theatre, where it can hang away unheard as well as unseen."

BAUNN.—The Musical Union will celebrate, about the middle of the present month, the tenth year of its existence by a special performance of Gluck's *Orpheus*. Madame Gompertz-Bettelheim has promised to sustain the part of Orpheus, and Madame Dustmann, that of Eurydice.

DANTZIG.—Herr Markull will resume, this winter, the Soirées for Chamber Music, which have hitherto proved so successful. He will be assisted by Herr F. Laade, as violinist, and Herr J. Markull, as violoncellist.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

J. B. CRAMER & Co.—Cramer's Christmas Carols, "Les Bavards Quadrille" and "The Salute Galop," by C. H. R. Marriot; "The Galatea Waltz," for the Piano, by J. Rummel; "Minerva," Grand March, and "Tout Seul," Nocturne, by Paul Semler; "Bourrée," and "Le Trianon," Gavotte, by J. Theodora Trekkell; "I hear along our street," Christmas Carol, by J. F. Simpson; "Alone for ever," Romance, by Odoardo Barri; "Little Maid of Arcadee," song, by Arthur S. Sullivan.
W. PHILLIPSON.—"Guide to Young Pianoforte Players and Students," by Wentworth Phillipson.
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Sweet hawthorn time—fair month of May!
 What joys attend thine advent gay!
 On every tree the birdies sing,
 From hill and dale glad echoes ring;
 The lark, inspir'd, to Heaven ascends,
 The gurgling brook in beauty wends
 By mossy bank and grassy brake,
 Where violets bloom and lambskins play.
 Delightful Spring—sweet month of May
 What joys attend thine advent gay!

In mantle clad of fairest sheen,
 The woods burst forth in virgin green—
 Bright home of birds and flow'rets gay,
 The streamlet woos thy sheltered way,
 Thro' primrose dells, sweet hawthorn glades,
 And silver birches' fragrant shades,
 Where nightingales, at close of day,
 In leafy bow'rs trill raptur'd lay.
 Delightful Spring—sweet month of May
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